to be all rot, Ethel will read it to you
and wont you, & tell me if I'm to say she is the only
person, short of you, who has yet discovered
the meaning of the Waves.

I think Mrs Dodge must be all away with
rheumatics, to interfere so unnecessarily, cut
out 50 lines, & delay it again 2 days.
What a mania for discretion she must be
possessed of! I seriously wish to read that book.

Tell me next time you write who to send my
cheque to. I've lost the notice given
the names of pieces. I mean the Bach fantasia
Mrs Pleis to Geneva with Quentin on
Friday, we shall take her to Croydon
about 6 in the morning: then visit Francis
Birrell at Brighton - a poor good fellow, run
by Augustine, who's had a lump cut out of
his brain, is paralysed, but likes to see friends
for an hour. Lord how we all age & fall!
Last night, Desmond MacCarthy said, drinking his
champagne, 'Yes Virginia, we are hasting to the
grave!' So I went, bought a new hair brush
this afternoon - to stay away with. Yes dear,
I don't come. I've had 30 minutes
to myself. V.

NYPL
Rota 2.4.63

~~14~~ Wednesday Nov 8 1933

No. Tomorrow will be
a bad day for me. I
must work 7.30
dinner out. This
evening 2½ hours of
Otello. very lovely. Blanche
white-fur. I accept your
protection about her.
I shall be interested to
hear of future developments
But oh how happy
2½ hours continuous talk
leaves me (do) divided
this page in two. Oh
I've been in such a twitter—

~~Th~~ Wednesday Nov 8 1933

No. 2 tomorrow will be
a bad day for me. I
end with 7.30
dinner out. This
evening 2½ hours of
Othello, very lovely, black &
white — Jer. I accept your
proposition about her.
I shall be interested to
hear of future developments
But — oh how happy
2½ hours continuous talk
leaves me (so) divided
this page in two. Oh
I've been in such a twitter —

Nena flying to Geneva & back &
circling Paris in an aeroplane
in a fog. Have man sitting
forced to make sensible
remarks to Lady Simon about
Education/women – waiting for
a telephone. None came.
Then the wrong one. Very posh
I said Mrs. been a crash –
went on making sensible
remarks about Newnham –
& future. Now this was
all very silly I admit.
Well I'm ashamed to send this.
I'm sorry about the books delay –
And I'm sure you'd better
send more G&H B to the typists
I want to see how he develops;
but Ethel should
come in between. So good night

V.

NYPL

Rota 2.4.63

19 Nov 1933

Monk Moore. Sunday morning.

I'll send the book back, but let me have my copy.

Yes, I like it much better so, with the title 'I' considerably muted. I'm very glad I made myself a nuisance, because I'm sure it's much more persuasive than the other. I should still like it condensed, pruned, hammered hard; but that's doubtless incompatible with propaganda, people must have things written in chalk & large & wheeled over & over again. And I'm sure I'm speaking only as a fountain, the narrow browed & red nosed descendant of the regicide, Venn, when I say I should still prefer the information in the appendix omitted. But I'm glad that Mr. Holland doesn't show his brazen face in the text. And I think it very good tempered, & certain, & often a little defiant, full genial, indefinable, & full of truth & facts. What facts! How good the others are! That red

clouds why I hum & haw over the fruit — they seem so
much more hospitable, welcoming, & harmonious.
But then they don't preach; they reprimand. There
you gallop over turf as springy as a race horse —
I'm thinking of Paul Hunt & HB which I'm
just re-reading, & kept thinking how fresh, how full, how
vivid they are. There you seem to dip your pen into a
richer, richer pot: no murder, no sand. I
wish, vainly, you'd write more biographies,
like the South wind blowing through the grass.
I assure you, you have a thousand natural
gifts that way which we hacks have long
lost. Do consider this. Would the time
ever come when, having lunched with
Lady Alor, & had tea at 20a & plate
with Truman Capote (how I adore that
side of you) you sat down at Coign at the hideous
table into which you've knocked mine &
I am writing in a divided mind — that's
Would be packing, writing & — Volume —
Question, & at the same time making up
my mind about an old stud at
Rosa 2.4.63
NYPL

Wednesday. Nov 21. 1923

I'll send the book back today if I can get the time to track it. But I'm in a rush, & so shall be for the rest of the week, which is therefore hopeless. I'm amused & delighted to find (in Pepys - odious name) that you attribute Orlando to V. Sackville West. That's what I'm aiming at - And don't let that enthusiastic & amiable ass Holtby go & write another letter criticising the critics! Heaven knows the prattle in T.L.T. about the Prison was enough for ever. (This upsets an enclosure, just showing up under a mountain of letters, ~~not~~ from which I infer, perhaps ungratefully. that the amiable Joan — nobody but a Joan could have such eyes, now — has other plans & the kind in her head about the festival. However, perhaps she's meaning something else. Dear

Rota 2.4.63

Enchanted by your courtly grace to H R H.
I shall obey it when I'm asked to Jane's
by Pss Patricia — not that I am asked,
but long to know how much cream
You drank out of the golden
Cup. 2 whether you said as you do
often. Do. Now show me the Klar,
pulling up your new skirt to
adjust the stays. which as you
maintain give your figure that
monumental majesty which we all
admire- Colisey is coming to tea,
2 I must — write to Ottoline, who's —
but no. Can't go into that now

V.

I shut Jervis because they mistake a solitary
looking for Worthing

NYPL

Perhaps Lewis is to be having a very fine (which means late.) to-do in Monk's House

Sunday 3rd Dec 1933

Punctual in Thursday at 4.30

Well, Ethel, Rebecca sydney with rapture at the thought of making the famous woman the call, rather oddly to my ear, Dr Smyth, on Thursday next at 4.30. To please her punctual, & come in your most genial & Bacchic mood, for R. rather raises my hackles, being so insecure herself, & I always, as you know, feel the wind before it blows. A tribute to my own sympathetic nature with which I'm sure you'll agree.

Oh my God, what a lot I've talked the last few days! — 150 boys with some literary tendency (concealed) thrust on my hand at New College, Each led like a victim to the altar, by my old bald white priestly cousin Herbert Fisher. We stood in a long gallery, — so it went on till midnight, & I ran out of small talk, & could only think of bargain sales in Selfridges basement to talk about. Why, I ask you, as the daughter of a general, why is human

Perhaps I can
to be having
a very pleas,
fine chuck mean
while. I
write to
do in

Monks Horton
Sunday 3rd Dec
1933

punctual
on
Thursday
at
4·30

Well, Ethel, Rebecca & Adam were rapturous at the
thought of making the famous woman the call,
rather oddly to my ear, Dr. Knight, on
Thursday next at 4·30. To please her punctual,
& come in your most genial & Bacchic mood,
for R. rather raises my hackles, being so insecure
herself, & I always, as you know, feel the wind
before it blows. A tribute to my own sympathetic
nature such which I'm sure you'll agree.
Oh my God, what a lot I've talked the last few days! —
150 boys with some literary tendency (concealed) struck
my hand at New College, Each led like a victim to
the altar, by my old bald white priestly Cousin
Herbert Fisher. We stood in a long gallery, —
so it went on till midnight, & I ran out of
small talk, & could only think of barsam dates in
Oxford for refreshment to talk about. Why, I ask you
as the daughter of a general, why is human

Rota 2.4.63

society organised on lines which inflict acute agony on
the fewer & receiver? Why must I stand 3 hours
reeping. Are you first year or third? Are you a
Cousin of Tom Robertson & his son? Have you read
Edith Sitwell — when my lips are parched with
thirst & there is an East wind blowing down the
Corridor? Mrs Fisher is an old henwife, by what
I mean that this is so nobly (because they're underpaid
& must entertain) cheeseparing that they don't
allow eggs for breakfast, & I'm so constituted
that I loathe salt fish. But there was a NYPL
certain monastic dignity about the cloisters in
moonlight (not that I like colleges) & the grassy
area cool sand & funk lifted, if only I could have
lain in cushions & tried verses at them -
instead of standing in a draught hearing Benny bang-
ing (No I don't like universities where Benny bells ring
for dinning, & praying bells ring for prayers, &
all hours have their duties, which one pretends to
observe, but with a lie in one heart — so
that Even my kind old cowpen, who one loved
cricket, Thunk, is now as hollow as a corn
funk. But as you would say
— well —

52 T.S. Sunday 12 Dec 1933

Merci the author. Yes, I see it
very flattering & I've no doubt
you are always right about
everything.

In fact I thought you perfectly
adorable last night & wanted to
fling my arms round you, or
portrait maybe at your
feet; but refrained. Rebecca's an
odd mix up, with the; like some
prehistoric arboreal animal to look
at; but an electric mind.

I had to go to my poor old mother in law's
aged 85, yesterday & Epsom a back, back &
Epsom, back, with a daughter, to a
Wealthit husband (daughter) Surrey;
we arrive at 5: choc. cake; "Oh
my dear V. how fine cheered